

## Daily Eagle

M. M. BURTON, Editor.

## STATE REPUBLICAN TICKET.

Associate Justice.....W. A. JOCKSON  
Governor.....E. N. MOORE  
Lieut. Governor.....A. T. BOGGS  
Secretary of State.....W. C. EDWARDS  
Auditor of State.....GEO. E. COLE  
State Treasurer.....O. L. MURDER  
Attorney General.....F. B. DAWES  
Public Instruction.....E. STANLEY

FOR CONGRESS

First District.....C. B. BROCK  
Second District.....O. L. MURDER  
Third District.....S. N. KIRKPATRICK  
Fourth District.....CHARLES CURTIS  
Fifth District.....W. A. CALDERHEAD  
Sixth District.....A. H. ELLIS  
Seventh District.....CHRISTIE L. LONG

Congressman at Large.....R. W. BLICK

## COUNTY REPUBLICAN TICKET.

Clerk of District Court.....S. N. BRIDGEMAN  
Probate Judge.....J. M. MARY  
County Attorney.....JOHN D. DAVIS  
Supt. Public Instruction.....CHARLES MACKAY  
FOR COMMISSIONER

City District.....N. E. HARMON  
FOR REPRESENTATIVE

Sixty-seventh District.....U. M. LAWRENCE  
Sixty-eighth District.....E. A. BOHANNON  
Sixty-ninth District.....F. J. R. ZELLES

## REPUBLICAN STATE PLATFORM.

Re-affirming the Republican national platform of 1892.

Resolved, First: That the constant patriotism of our party is in itself a guarantee to the nation that the interests of its defenders, their children and nephews, will be literally cared for and we denounce their cruel and deliberate betrayal by the present Democratic administration.

Second: We adhere to the Republican doctrine of protection, and believe that tariff laws should protect the products of the farm, as well as of the factory.

Third: The American people favor legislation and the Republican party demands the use of both gold and silver as standard money, with such restrictions and under such provisions to be determined by legislation, as will secure the maintenance of the parity of value of the two metals, and that the architects and draftsmen of the money of the dollar, whether of gold, silver or paper, shall be at all times equal. The interests of the producers of the country, its farmers and its working men, demand that the money be open to the coinage of the silver, the mines of the United States, and that Congress should enact a law levying a tax on importations of foreign silver coin and to fully protect the producers of our own mines.

Fourth: We favor national and state legislation for the encouragement of irrigation.

Fifth: We denounce the present state administration for its violation of the laws and contempt of the courts, the corruption and incompetency of its officials, its gross mismanagement of the state institutions, and for the discredit it has brought upon the good name of the state. And we pledge the Republican party and the sentiment of the convention to a faithful and economical discharge of all official duties and to a strict observance and an honest enforcement of the laws and to obedience to the mandates of the courts.

Sixth: To the maintenance of these principles we invite the support of all patriotic citizens.

Since Governor held up the senate he is called a "fool-pod." Yet he divided up fair and square.

Don't get the figures mixed. It is not 20 pounds of sugar for a dollar, but an advance of 20 per cent.

It is still safe betting that Lewelling himself, if the conditions are right, will vote the Populist ticket.

The cost of the strike was enormous but the cost of the work that congress did was a hundred times more.

Up to date Mr. Havemeyer has not felt it incumbent upon himself to write a letter to the American public.

Idols are being shattered every day. Bill Hackney came away from England without wiping it out of existence.

In its attempt to steal the Korean territory, Japan hasn't yet got a smell—that is if you except the stink-pots.

Mr. Reed says it galls him to have to use softer words in denunciation of the Democrats than they themselves use.

"Perfidy and dishonor" are harsh terms to use about a party that is no worse than the author of the expression.

It took Jay Gould a long time to save enough on bread and milk to buy a \$100,000 necklace for George's wife.

While China and Japan are resting, Mexico is again just for memory's sake.

The weary and non-sporting public is about convinced that the bicyclists have broken all the records and most all the bones.

Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt in asking for a divorce modestly demands three houses to live in and \$500,000 a year to live on.

There is a suspicion that if Mrs. Vanderbilt gets a divorce from her husband, that in about two weeks Lillian Russell will snatch him up.

Brudential says that if Governor Lewelling has hoodled any he does not know of it. That is probably what Brudential so says.

"Liquidated labor" is the term they use, and in one sense it's correct, as in all instances it has been lessened, and in many done away with.

Lewelling has been turned down, but he is too obtuse to understand just what is the matter with him, and is taking treatment for a bilious attack.

Oh yes, Governor Lewelling, we forgot to ask you why you have not yet explained why the assessment on the Pullman palace cars was reduced?

You will confer a great favor on your family by comparing the tickets which have been put up in Sedgewick county and then voting as your judgment dictates.

Mrs. Lease has gone to the aid of the starving people of Pullman. Mrs. Lease will make them a speech for \$15, and promise that it will greatly relieve them.

Some mean things off and on have been said against the Populists, but no one has ever had the temerity to say that Lewelling was better than his party.

"Man wants a little less below, nor wants that little less." Under Democratic rule he gets little less for a little pay, a little less to eat and a little less to wear, a little less to spend and a little less to starve, and a little less sugar for a dollar.

## PULLMAN'S CALIBRE.

Mr. Pullman gives some queer testimony before the labor commission. He admits being "underbitten by other companies," even when his foreman had figured the work down to cost. How other companies, with less capital and limited facilities, can build cars for less money than the actual cost of this great concern, points unmistakably that they cost Pullman too much money. The items of cost can only be conjectured, but since the price of material is as low to one establishment as another, it seems certain that extras are tacked on to make up losses on another account. The village of Pullman has been a good deal of a white elephant from the start. Everybody knows that, and it will be difficult to convince the public that a good percentage of the expense of running the town is not charged up in the cost of cars. The price of material being fixed, the deficiency is made up by a reduction of wages. Employees are required to stand this reduction, and continue to occupy the company's houses at old rental rates. The difference between this and some other kind of robbery is that this is done in a roundabout way.

The losses which figure so conspicuously, covering several months prior to closing down, are inconsistent with the 8 per cent dividend—amounting in the aggregate to \$2,800,000—for the last fiscal year. That is a large amount to be earned by a concern which is running at a loss.

Mr. Pullman says the office's salaries were not reduced for the reason that "men of their calibre were not easily replaced." This looks like monopoly run to seed. Pullman and two or three of his assistants, it would seem, hold a monopoly on talent, or, at least, Pullman thinks so, though it will be a surprise to most people to know that rascals ingenuity is narrowed down to three or four men. The "calibre" required to order a lockout because they are unable to compete with smaller concerns, seems to be of a rare quality indeed, though its exact nature is not set forth in Mr. Pullman's testimony. People with just a plain business education would think it quite sufficient to propose that the men should take less wages or quit work. In truth this is what Pullman did, but the "calibre" was doubtless used in the manner of putting it.

There being but one greatest palace car company, and Mr. Pullman alone being qualified to serve as its president, what will the world do when Mr. Pullman dies?

## EXIT MOWBRAY.

It is reported that the anarchist Mowbray has returned to England. The reading public will accept this news with no little astonishment. It is only a little while since Mr. Mowbray landed on our shores with a mission, which was nothing more nor less than the overturning of the very foundations of this government. Up to his departure the government seemed to occupy its place among the nations, which serves to complicate matters not a little. Perhaps he forgot something. Perhaps he forgot anarchy in such a state of disintegration in this country that he feared to expose his person in its defense. Perhaps he was invited to return, and the invitation may have been from this side of the Atlantic. Perhaps he will come back again. If he does let us hope he will visit the west. There are sections of country this side of Mexico which are said to be hospitable to anarchists. They even give entertainments for their special benefit. A favorite pastime is to swing them into a state of blissful unconsciousness then lay them away with their boots on till their friends can find them. Mowbray would be a capital guest of this class.

But we still have Herr Most. He will be able, unaided, to keep the spark of anarchy alive till other reinforcements come. He is an aggressive dog, this Herr Most. He has missionaries in the field who preach the everlasting gospel of hate toward all forms of law and order, and they are not a few. This hatred of law is fundamental. It is the chief cornerstone of the temple of anarchy. It is the altar upon which is kindled the incendiary fires of waste and ruin. It is the attribute which prompts the faithful to slay the law-abiding heretic. It is the pass-word—the counter-sign of the universal brotherhood of the order of Red Handed Anarchy everywhere.

Kansas can boast of no such order, though she harbors some first-class haters. May this spirit find sepulchre in an early grave.

## LIVING PICTURE CAMPAIGN.

A good many level-headed Democrats declare that as a time when the Democrats themselves will elect the Republican ticket, but the Republicans are great for making things unanimous and will all vote. There will be mighty little fun, however, as there is nothing to prove and mighty little to say, as the "object lesson" is in plain view all over the country. The farmer's worthless horse and low-priced wheat, and the high-priced trimmings for his evening cup of tea speak louder than the voice of the campaign orator. The merchant with his shelves loaded with unsaleable goods that have depreciated on his hands and his ledger groaning with unpaid and uncollectable accounts, are all the arguments he needs.

The manufacturer with his smokeless chimneys and his plant not worth 50 cents on the dollar, don't need to sit up nights to listen to campaign talk. The fellows out of a job know when they have enough and are weary of the enforced vacation and will vote for a resumption of business without much urging. In fact, nearly everybody is tired of "object lessons" and would gladly have them supplanted by "living pictures" of prosperous times.

That 40,000 francs which Vanderbilt gave the notorious French woman is a reminder that Miss Poland is still scanning the stary distance for that \$15,000.

The condition that now confronts this country is that the Democrats are denouncing the administration in harsher terms than the Republicans care to use.

While the sugar-trust is financially strong, they don't propose to extend any

credit. The poor man will have to put up good hard stuff for his high-priced sugar.

It is suggested that while the government is putting down the vulgarities of the Indian dances, that it also take a peep at the low neck attire at the four hundred balls.

A beer boycott is not a temperance movement. It means an increased consumption of other branches so that the taboored beer will feel the weight of their displeasure.

The story from Austria to the effect that eight children were killed by hailstones looks like an attempt on the part of Europe to retaliate for some of the fakes we have sent over there.

Europe had better not get too previous. The effort to enable them to furnish us with all our supplies has so nearly bankrupted us that we have mighty little money to buy anything with.

## TURTLES AS MOTIVE POWER.

From the New York Tribune.

"Speaking about turtles," observed the weather beaten traveler who had joined a party of drummers seated in the smoking room of a palace car, "why I have literally seen millions of them at once. The sea for miles around, as far as the eye could reach, was—"

"Where was this?" asked an inquisitive drummer.

"Near the Gallapagos islands, off the west coast of South America," was the reply, and then, as the other passengers settled back in their seats, the weather beaten one spun this yarn:

"You see," he began, "we were in a little schooner and were on our way from Callao to St. Ambrose island for a load of guano. Well, the wind suddenly died out, and we began to drift. This state of affairs kept up for several days until early one morning we awoke and ahead over the port bow, it was about seven miles away, I should think."

"Now, you may not believe it, but we suddenly ran into a shoal of big sea turtles that were so close together you could hardly see the water. They were there in millions and tremendous fellows, too, some of them weighing, I should judge, more than six hundred pounds. They lay all about the schooner's sides, and didn't seem to mind us a bit."

"We were out of our course, and it began to look as if we never would get out of the mess we were in. Then, gentlemen, I conceived an idea. I told it to the carpenter, and he thought it was great, too. And this is how it worked:

"We—that is, the carpenter and myself—stepped over the vessel's side and let ourselves down on the back of a great turtle, gently as we could. Did he mind it? Not a bit. He just raised one of his flippers and winked his eye at us, as if he would have said: 'Now, what are you fellows up to, anyhow?'

"We had a lot of strong, flexible wire aboard and each of us had a coil of it over our arm. We each carried a pair of pliers, too. Then we started to work."

"We punched a small hole in the after part of the turtle's shell and fastened an end of wire in it and made the other end fast to the anchor chain. Then we stepped over to another turtle and repeated the operation. We soon had about a dozen turtles fastened in this manner."

"The fun then commenced. We fired off a small cannon we had stationed on the fore'side deck, and you should have seen the commotion. The sea was lashed to foam, and the big brutes scurried in all directions, tumbling over each other and darting about like mad."

"Our schooner was buffeted about and jolted like a freight car being coupled to a baby engine. But our turtles were fast. They could not escape, and soon we were forging ahead at a ten knot clip."

"Well, sir, in less than two days we had those turtles trained so that they would go wherever we wanted them. They would stop or drive ahead or sheer to port or starboard. We had rigged bits into their mouths and had fish lines for reins. I tell the driving, and rare sport it was, I tell you."

"So we bowled along until we reached St. Ambrose, and there we came to anchor about a mile off shore. Two of the turtles we harnessed to a large, flat-bottomed lighter, and owing to the rapidity of the trips we loaded up our schooner in very short time."

"Then we hoisted anchor and pointed for Callao. We reached there in seven days. It seemed too bad, but as we had no further use for our turtles we sold them to a marketman, who shipped them to San Francisco."

"But what did the turtles eat during all this time?" queried the inquisitive passenger.

"Eat," replied the narrator, with scorn. "Don't you know that turtles can go without food for weeks and months at a time? Well, when I was traveling up the Orinoco—"

At this point, however, the train pulled into the station and "fifteen minutes for refreshments" interrupted all further discourse.

## A FIGHT TO THE DEATH.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

After serving his country for many years, both on land and sea, it was not until he was over fifty-six years of age that adm. Blake was given the command of a fleet at sea. The expedition of which he was in charge was sent to operate against the Spanish. It was at Malaga, where Blake destroyed the combined fleets of Spain and Portugal. On his return to England he was honored with the title of warden of the Cinque ports. It was but a short time after his success in annihilating the navy of both Spain and Portugal that hostilities commenced between England and Holland, which had been measurably brought on by dislike to the Dutch, as well as to his humiliating them and destroy a rival upon the sea.

It was Blake of all others of the naval heroes who was selected and invested with the command of the forces against Holland.

Hostilities soon commenced, and Blake found himself opposed by the most celebrated admiral of the age, Van Tromp, at the head of one of the finest equipments that had ever been sent out by the first naval power of the world.

Van Tromp appeared in the English channel with forty sail of men-of-war, and by a series of deftly anchored in Dover roads. The fleet under Blake's command consisted of only twenty-eight when he left Gravesend. Nevertheless, Blake advanced at once. Van Tromp weighed anchor at his advance.

Both fleets at once began firing, then ranged themselves in order of battle. A desperate fight ensued, which continued from 4 o'clock in the afternoon till night, and the result of which was that the Dutch, after losing several ships, thought proper to retreat.

The next affair with the Dutch in which Blake was engaged took place in November following. Van Tromp having largely increased his force, having seventy men-of-war and sixty-five ships, was seeking to find Blake near the Downs, and he did. Blake's force then scarcely exceeded half that of his opponent, but not willing to retreat, he determined to try once more what the superiority of his sailors could do under so unequal a strife. The consequence was that after a conflict from eight in the morning till night, Blake found himself compelled to seek refuge by sailing up the Thames. The loss of life in this terrible encounter was immense. Although the circumstances were such as to remove from it all disgrace, Blake felt the discomfiture of retreat most severely, especially as it was followed by the Dutch admiral, who immediately made his way around the English coast, bearing a broom fastened to his mainmast, to signify that he had swept the sea of British ships.

When Blake sailed from Gravesend on this, his last occasion, he had a fleet of sixty men-of-war, well equipped and manned. Very soon he found his old adversary, with seventy men-of-war and three hundred sail of merchantmen under convoy. The battle this time was far more obstinate than any that had yet been fought between England and any other power. It was a fight to the death of one or the other as a naval predominance of the sea.

For three days and nights the two fleets "hung together in embrace," sailing up the channel side by side, never for a moment intermitting their fire; boarding whenever an opportunity could be given, "hand to hand and man to man," when, at last, on the fourth day at daylight the Dutch, having lost eleven of their men-of-war and nearly all of their merchant ships, and finding that only one of the English was destroyed, gave up the fight and took flight for the coast of Holland.

This disastrous engagement with Blake did not deter Van Tromp from trying issues with him again, as he sailed forth, but with less force, to contest superiority. Several other engagements took place between the two admirals in the course of a year, and the result, upon the whole, was decidedly in favor of Blake.

Having thus asserted the domain of England over the seas, Blake returned to receive the honors bestowed upon him.

Blake was given a seat in parliament, but was not long allowed to remain in that to him an idle honor. Again he was dispatched with a fleet to the Mediterranean to chastise Spain for certain insults which that power had offered to the English flag. In this expedition he acted with his usual ability. He after engaged in an enterprise against Teneriffe with great success. While on this particular service he was taken ill, and sailed for England. His life was fast ebbing, and his wish to die on English soil was granted by one hour only. He expired while on his ship in Plymouth harbor, August 27, 1657.

A magnificent public funeral followed, and his remains were placed in Westminster Abbey, in testimony of the grief of England for the loss of her greatest defender; but it was among the many disgraceful incidents of the restoration that Blake's remains were removed, and interred in St. Margaret's church, London. Nothing, however, done to his remains could remove his glory from the page of English history as having first taught Englishmen that during contempt of danger which they have so often shown.

So long as the celebrated hero that I do not know of a period when there has not been a great ship bearing his name, just as the great battleship we saw recently visiting our own waters honors this renowned admiral.

## WARNED AWAY.

From the Philadelphia Press.

On the winter's day at Strawberry Hill two events occurred to arouse the whole mining camp. The executive board of the vigilance committee held a meeting lasting about an hour, and when it was over the chairman went down to Joe Brown's shanty and said: "Joe, I've come to give ye notice."

"What's the matter?" asked Joe.

"The boys can't get on with you. You're party high killed three or four men in the last three months, and we think you'd better go before it's a case of hanging."

"Then I'm warned away?"

"That's it. You are to go before dark, and you'd better keep goin' fur two or three days."

"But, if I won't go?"

"Well, you know the programme. It the boys get too excited, they'd pull you up to a limb. Better go right along. Can't find no one yere to say a good word for you."

"I'll think about it," said Joe as the chairman turned away.

An hour later a miner who was known to us simply as "the captain," and who had been ill for several days, sent for "Judge" Watkins, who had been chosen president of the camp, and began:

"Look yere, Judge, I've been thinkin'—"

"That's all right when a man's sick," replied the judge.

"I dunno about that. I dunno much about sickness, but I think I've discovered what's the matter with me."

"Fever, I reckon."

"Yas, fever, and sunthin wuss. Don't let it jump you outer your boots, Judge, but if I hadn't got smallpox I'll eat my hat."

"Almost sure about it?"

"Dead sure! I knowed you'd had it and was safe, or I shouldn't have let you in. Yes, sir, it's smallpox, and no doctor within a hundred miles."

"Looks like it some, and I'm powerful sorry. The boys will be dreadfully excited."

"No need of that. Say, Judge, I want to be moved up to the Chinaman's vacant shanty, and I want to get one of the boys to nurse me through. Mebbe you kin find one who's had smallpox, and won't hev to risk anything."

The judge himself was the only man in camp who had had the disease, and he was just able to limp about after an accident, and not in good health otherwise. He spread the news of the captain's ailment and his last test to secure a volunteer, but not a man would go. They would have shared almost any other danger, but the very name of the dreadful disease made them con-

## FAIRMOUNT INSTITUTE

FALL TERM BEGINS SEPT. 5, 1894.